

## Wichita Daily Eagle

## THE VILLAGE CHURCH STEEPLE.

Above all the singing and buying,  
Above all the singing and buying,  
I silently wait.  
Through sunrise and sunset returning,  
I watch with unceasing yearning,  
The hill's misty gate.  
O'er the children of men outward going,  
Like leaves of the autumn-time blowing  
Away and away.  
Floating off from my shadow love-tended,  
Returning, the weary day ended,  
On gladness to stay.  
I reach out my shadowy finger  
Till the lad on the hill turns to linger  
To bid me good-by;  
And when the red sunset is burning,  
I watch for his shadow returning,  
And beckon him high.  
I see the maid waiting her lover  
Till her feet wear a path in the clover,  
Tiptoeing to meet;  
And when the red sunset is burning,  
I watch for his shadow returning,  
And beckon him high.  
I see the bride's brave glimmer  
Till the valley mist darkens its shimmer,  
Fair, vanishing soon;  
And then—just a little to-morrow,  
And then—just a little to-morrow,  
The space and the misty cloak keep  
Of these safe away.

## "WHISKERS."

## Why the Staff Didn't Buy Him a Wedding Present.

HE facts about the man we called "Whiskers" linger in my mind, asking to be recorded, and though they do not make much of a story, I am tempted to unburden myself by putting them on paper.

It was mentally noted as a sure thing by everybody who saw him go into the managing editor's room to ask for a position on the staff of the paper, that if he should obtain a place and become a fixture in the office, he would be generally known as "Whiskers" within twenty-four hours after his installment.

What tale he told the managing editor no one knew, but everyone in the editorial rooms decided later that it must have been something a trifle out of the common, for the managing editor, who had gone through the form of taking the names of three previous applicants that afternoon and telling them that he would let them know when a vacancy should occur on the staff, told the man who eventually christened "Whiskers" that he might come around the next day and write whatever he might choose to, in the way of Sunday "specials," comic verses or editorial paragraphs, on the chance of their being accepted.

The next day the hairy-faced man took possession of a desk in the room occupied by the exchange editor and one of the editorial writers, and began to grind out "copy."

His was a slim figure, with what is commonly denominated a "slight stoop." His trousers were none too long for his thin legs, his tightly-fitting frock coat, threadbare, shiny and unduly creased, was hardly of a fit length for his slender body and his long arms. It was his face, however, that most individualized his appearance.

The face was pale, the outlines symmetrical but rather feeble, and the countenance would have seemed quite lamblike but for the fact that it was framed by thick, long hair and a luxuriant beard which caressed his waistcoat.

These made him impressive at first sight. On the first day of his presence he said little to the men with whom he shared his room in the office. On the second day he grew communicative and talked rather pompously to the exchange editor. He prated of his past achievements as a newspaper man in other cities. He had a cheerful way of talking, in a voice that was high but not loud. His undaunted manner of uttering self-praise caused the exchange editor to wink at the editorial writer. It engendered, too, a small degree of dislike on the parts of these worthies; and the exchange editor made it a point to watch for some of the new man's work in the paper, that he might be certain whether the new man's ability was equal to the new man's opinion of it.

The exchange editor found that it was not. The new man had been in the office four days before any of his contributions had gone through the process of creation, acceptance and publication. Some verses and some alleged jokes were his first matter printed. They were below mediocrity. The exchange editor ceased to dislike the whiskered man and thereafter regarded him as quite harmless and mildly amusing.

This view of him was eventually accepted by every one who came to know him; and he was made the object of a good deal of gentle chaffing.

He earned probably \$15 or \$20 a week at space rates, a lamentably small amount for so intellectual looking a man, but a very large amount considering the quality of work turned out by him.

It was to be judge of the acceptability of the editorial matter offered, the editor of the Sunday supplement and other members of the staff who might have occasion to "turn down" the new man's contributions or to wink at the deficiencies in his work.

One day "Whiskers," with many apologies and much embarrassment, asked the exchange editor to lend him a quarter, which request having been complied with, he put on his much-rubbed high hat and hurried from the room.

"It's funny the old man's hard up so soon," said the exchange editor to the editorial writer at the next desk. "It's only two days since he paid."

"Where does he sink his money?" asked the exchange editor. "His sleeping room costs him only \$3 a week and, eating the way he does, at the cheapest hash-house, his whole expense can't be more than \$8. No one ever sees him spend a cent. He must sink it away in a bank."

"Hasn't he any relatives?" "He never spoke of any, and he lives alone. Witherspoon, who lodges where he does, says no one ever comes to see him."

"No; and he never drinks at his own expense."

"He's probably leading a double life," said the exchange editor, jestingly, as he plunged the scissors into a western paper to cut out a poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

Without making many acquaintances, "Whiskers," by reason of his hirsute peculiarity, became known throughout the building, from the business office on the ground floor to the composing room on the top. When he went into the latter one day and passed down the long aisle between the rows of cases and type-setting machines, with a corrected proof in his hand, a certain printer, who was "setting" up a clothing-house advertisement, could not resist the temptation to give libelal imitation of the blowing of wind. The bygone joke concerning whiskers and the wind was then current, and a score of compositors took up the whistle, so that all varieties of breeze were soon being simulated simultaneously. "Whiskers" colored slightly, but, with a dignified straightening of his shoulders, he showed no other sign that he was conscious of the rude allusion to his copious beard.

"Whiskers" chose Tuesday for his day off. It was on a certain Tuesday evening that one of the reporters came into the 'change editor's room and casually remarked:

"I saw your anti-shaving friend, who sits at that desk, riding out to the suburbs on a car to-day. He was all crunched up and carried a bouquet of roses."

"That settles it," cried the editorial writer to the exchange editor, with mock jubilation. "There can be no doubt the old man was leading a double life. The bouquet means a woman in the case."

"And his money goes for flowers and presents," added the exchange editor. "Some of it, of course, went on the editorial writer, and the rest he's saving to get married on. He'd have thought it, at his age?"

"Why, he's not over forty. It's only his whiskers make him look so old. One can easily detect a sentimental vein in his composition."

"That accounts for his fits of abstraction, too. So he's found favor in some fair one's eyes. I wonder what she's like?"

"Young and pretty, I'll bet," said the exchange editor. "He's impressed her by his dignified aspect. No doubt she thinks he's nothing less than an editorial-chief."

The next day "Whiskers" was taciturn, as his office associates now recalled that he was wont to be after "his day off." Doubtless his thoughts dwelt upon his visit to his divinity. He did not respond to their efforts to involve him in conversation.

He was observed upon his next "day off" to take a car for the suburbs and to have a bouquet in his hand and a package under his arm.

The theory originated by the editorial writer had general acceptance. It was passed from man to man in the office.

"Have you heard about the queer old duck with the whiskers who writes in the exchange room? He's engaged to a young and pretty girl uptown and eats at fifteen-cent soup shops so that he can buy her flowers and wine and things."

"What! Old Whiskers in love! That's a good one!"

One day while Whiskers' pen was busily gliding across his paper the exchange editor broke the silence by asking him, in a careless tone:

"How was she yesterday, Mr. Croynod?"

"Whiskers looked up quickly, an expression of almost painful surprise on his face.

"Who?" he inquired.

"Ah, you thought because you didn't tell us it wasn't out. But you've been caught. I mean the lady to whom you take roses every week, of course."

Whiskers simply stared at the exchange editor as if quite bewildered.

"Oh, pardon me," said the exchange editor, somewhat abashed. "I didn't mean to offend you. One's affairs of the heart are sacred, I know. But we all gush each other about each other's amours here. We're hardened to that sort of pleasantness."

A look of enlightenment, a blush, a deep sigh, and an "Oh, I'm not offended," were the only manifestations made by Whiskers after the exchange editor's apology.

It was inferred from his manner that he did not wish to make confidences or receive jests about his love affairs.

A time came when Whiskers seemed having something constantly on his mind. Not content with one day's vacation each week, he would go off for periods of three or four hours on other days.

"Do you notice how queerly the old man behaves?" said the editorial writer to the exchange editor thereupon.

"Things are coming to a crisis."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He didn't invite us," said the exchange editor, "but then I suppose the affair is to be a very quiet one, and we can't take offense at that. The old man's not a bad lot, by any means."



"WHY, THAT IS A DEATH NOTICE."

Let's do something to please him and to flatter his bride. What do you say to raising a fund to buy them a present in the name of the staff?"

"I'm in for it," said the editorial writer, producing a half-dollar.

They canvassed the office and found every body willing to contribute. The managing editor and the assistant editor-in-chief had gone home, but as they had shown kindness to Whiskers and were, in fact, the only two men on the staff who knew anything about his private affairs, the exchange editor took his chances and put in a dollar for each of them.

"And now what shall we get—and, by the way, where shall we send it?" asked the exchange editor.

"Not to his lodging house, certainly. He'll probably be married at the residence of the bride's parents," as the notices say. We'd better get it quick and rush it up there, wherever that is—somewhere uptown."

"But say," interposed the city editor, who was present at this consultation, "maybe the ceremony has already come off. I saw the old man giving in a notice for advertisement across the counter at the business office, an hour ago."

"Well, we may be able to learn from that where the bride lives, anyhow, and some one can go there and find out something definite about the 'happy pair's' present and future whereabouts," suggested the editorial writer.

"That's so," said the city editor. "The notice is in the composing-room by this time. I'll run up and find it."

The city editor left the editorial writer and the exchange editor alone together in their room, each sitting at his own desk.

"What shall we get with this money?" queried the former, touching the bills and silver dumped upon his desk.

"Something to please the woman. That'll give Whiskers himself the most pleasure. He evidently loves her deeply. Those constant visits and gifts speak the greatest devotion."

"Of course, but what shall it be?" The two were battling with this question when the city editor returned. He came in and said quietly:

"I found the notice. At least I suppose this is it. What is the old man's full name?"

"Horace W. Croynod," said the city editor. "This is it, then," said the city editor, standing with his back to the door. "The notice reads: 'On March 8, at the Arlington hospital for incurables, Rachel, widow of the late Horace W. Croynod, Sr., in her fifty-ninth year. Funeral services at the residence of Charles—'"

"Why," interrupted the editorial writer, in a hushed voice, "that is a death notice."

"His mother," said the exchange editor. "The hospital for incurables—that is where the flowers went."

The editorial writer's glance dropped to the desk, where lay the money for the intended gift. The exchange editor sat perfectly still, gazing straight in front of him. The city editor walked softly to the window and looked out.

R. N. Stevens, in Philadelphia Press.

A Quaint Inscription.

An Indian known to the whites as "Billy" was the last of his race to disappear in Bucks county, except his wife. They lived at Wrightstown.

When Billy died many years ago, his wife had a friend to inscribe the following lines upon a stone, which she carried with her: "I am Indian Billy's wife; he loved me better than his life. It even has been said by some he loved me better than his run." This stone, which was buried with her, was plowed up lately.—Philadelphia Record.

—It was the custom of the higher orders of Teutones, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead, or methueglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression, "to spend the honeymoon." Attila, king of Hungary, drank so freely of this liquor on his wedding day that he was found suffocated at night and with him expired the empire of the Huns.

NICE TO KNOW.

No CHINESE has been naturalized for thirteen years.

No BRITISH sovereign has vetoed a parliamentary bill during the past 185 years.

More than a fourth of the gold and more than a third of the silver produced throughout the world in the year 1891 was mined in the United States.

THE Maine forests have been so well taken care of during late years that they are said to contain more timber now than ten years ago. No small trees are out, and there are fewer fires than formerly.

A SILVER dime of 1894 is worth \$4. of 1897, 1890 and 1892 \$5. Silver half dimes of 1890 will fetch \$30 each, and a value of from \$1 to \$3 at times for these coins of the issues of 1794, 1795, 1797, 1801, 1805, 1848.

For three decades the value per head of imports of woollens has been regularly declining, and now is only seventy-five cents per annum for each individual, when in 1850-1860 it was considerably more than one dollar.

A Home-like Place.

Little Dick—Mamma, may I go over to Johnnie Black's to play?

Mamma—Why do you spend all your time at Johnnie Black's?

Little Dick—His mamma hasn't any new carpets, and I like them.

## Wichita Wholesale &amp; Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

ESTABLISHED 1886  
CORNER & FARNUM  
ROYAL COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS  
The only Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders in the state of Kansas. Carry full line lowest prices. Teas, Coffee, Spices, Herbs, Baking Powders, Extracts, Cigars, Spray Yeast, Etc.  
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Photographers & Supplies!  
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OTTO ZIMMERMANN, Prop.  
Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne, Elder, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Kemp's Extra Pale. Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

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Harness and Saddlery.  
Saddlery Hardware, Leather, Lap Ropes, Etc.  
Nets, Blankets, Brushes, Whips, Combs, Etc.  
401 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

ROYAL WORCESTER CUTLERY IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.  
A WRITTEN WARRANTY GIVEN WITH EACH RAZOR, KNIFE OR SHEAR.  
ROYAL WORCESTER RAZOR STROPS ARE THE BEST for putting a keen edge on a razor. Ask your dealer for McKnight & Co.'s Royal Worcester Brand and take no other, as they are reliable. If he cannot supply you, send us advertised price and we will send article post-paid.  
10c extra for shaving by mail.  
MCKNIGHT & CO.,  
353 North Main Street, WICHITA, KANS.  
Write at once and secure agency before it is too late. Liberal discounts. For sale by the Leading Hardware Dealers in the city.

L. C. JACKSON,  
DISTRICT AGENT FOR  
SANTA FE COALS,  
AND JOBBER OF BUILDING MATERIALS.  
112 S. 4th Ave. WICHITA, KAN.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,  
Wholesale : Grocers,  
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET.  
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands of Cigars.

Electric Supply and Construction Company  
Dealers in electrical supplies of every description.  
We install or repair all kinds of electrical machinery or appliances. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Estimates furnished free of charge.  
250 North Main Street.

## FOR SWEET POTATOES.

A Storehouse That Will Pay for Itself in 1894

In 1893 I commenced to grow sweet potato plants and potatoes. I had to send to Cincinnati for seed. As seed in the spring was always dear, I tried to save my own seed. I tried in various ways, packing them in boxes and barrels, some in sand, some in sawdust and shavings, but had no success. Some would heat and some would rot; I could not hit upon the right temperature, so I concluded to build a potato house for keeping sweet potatoes for seed.

I built a house 12x16 feet, setting it up off the ground the same as a corn crib, to keep the rats and mice out and to have a circulation of air under it; I built it double. I used 2x4 studs for the sides, using matched flooring for the first siding. After the first siding was put on I nailed on some more 2x4 studs on this siding, leaving 4 inches space; this I filled with sawdust, and on the inside standing I lathed and plastered; this left me 4 inches of space behind the plaster, making the sides about 10 inches thick. I also made a double floor, floored both sides of the joists and filled in between with sawdust, using joists 2x8 inches. Overhead I sealed with matched boards; over this I laid sawdust 6 inches thick, before the roof was put on. When done, I had a house that was rat, mouse and air tight. I put a window at each end near the ceiling.

With sliding sash. Also a vent hole up through the roof, with a slide at the bottom to regulate the draft. This was a box tube 4 inches square, with a cap on the top to keep out the rain. The door was made the same as the sides and fitted tight.

Inside of this house I built a bin 2 1/2 feet from the floor and the size of the inside, lacking 2 feet space around three sides and 3 feet space along the front of the door. This gives room to get around the bin. The sides of the bin are movable, to accommodate the depth to the amount of potatoes to be put in.

After the potatoes are all in the bin, I let them sweat awhile, and to help dry them out, I put two lighted lamps (bracket lamps, such as they use in stores, for coal oil). These I put under the bin and let them stay eight or ten days, shifting their position every day; then I take them from under the bin and put them in the corner of the two-foot space, one in each opposite corner, so as to equalize the heat through the room, changing the lamps to the other corners every day. When the potatoes are done sweating, I cover them over with mosquito netting; upon this I put three inches of sawdust or cut straw. This is left on until the potatoes are taken out in the spring. I hang a thermometer inside, on a level with the top of the bin, changing its position to watch the temperature and keep it even. The temperature must be kept at 45 degrees as near as possible; it must not range below 40 degrees nor above 50 degrees. If the room gets too warm, put out a lamp; if too cold, add another lamp. It is very easy to regulate the temperature with lamps. I set the lamps in crooks, so as to be safe in case of accident. The lamps I trim and fill night and morning. There is no sitting up nights to fire up the large-sized lamps will burn all night.

Since I adopted this plan I have lost only about 10 per cent. in rot and shrinkage; mostly shrinkage. I tried many ways before I hit upon this plan. The main thing is to have a dry room and even temperature. When it is very cold outside I shut the room up tight. A bin in a room this size will hold from 150 to 200 bushels. I save the medium-sized potatoes for seed and sell the largest.—Farm and Fire-side.

## AMONG THE POULTRY.

Plenty of dust is a good insecticide for hens.

See that nests do not become infested with vermin.

Give the boys and girls a chance to raise chickens.

Who knows the value of a hen as an insect destroyer?

Turkeys are tender until the feathers are well started.

White fowls always have a lively look in the poultry yard.

There is no better absorbent for the poultry house than plaster.

When there are no bugs and insects for fowls feed a little meat.

Clatter of the guineas scares away hawks and saves the chicks.

J. A. BISHOP,  
Wholesale and Retail  
WALL PAPER  
Paints, Oils and Glass.  
150 N Market St., Wichita, Kan.

J. P. ALLEN,  
DRUGGIST,  
Everything Kept in a First-class Drug Store  
108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.  
WICHITA, - - - KAN.

FARIES MACHINE WORKS.  
Builds and Repairs  
ENGINES, BOILERS and MACHINERY.  
124 S. Washington Ave. Wichita.

W. C. WILLIAMS,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
GUNS AND GENERAL SPORTING GOODS  
Kansas and Oklahoma agent for California Powder Works. Tents for rent and sale. Mail orders will be promptly filled.  
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THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.  
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.  
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.  
33 and 235 South Main Street, - - - Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA - TRUNK - FACTORY.  
Manufacturers and Dealers of Trunks, Valises, Medical Cases, Shawl Straps and Sample Cases. A complete line of traveling goods.  
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125 West Douglas Ave. - - - Wichita, Kan.

EAGLE : CORNICE : WORKS :  
324 NORTH MAIN STREET.  
Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron, and Copper Cornice; Tin, Copper, Iron, and Slate Roofing Work done in any part of the country. Estimate furnished on application.  
CASWELL & BUCKLEY.

AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO  
Wholesale Grocers, 138-140 N. Fourth Ave.  
We carry a full line of Sugars, Coffee, Syrup, Tea, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, and all goods usually used by the trade. We have large quantities of our stock and facilities for taking care of our trade and now located in the new building at the corner of 14th and Douglas, north of the 12th St. Telephone 229.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,  
Wholesale Grocers  
203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.  
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market

Getto McClung Boot and Shoe Co.  
135 and 137 N. Market St., Wichita, Kan.  
Invites the attention of merchants to their large and varied stock of goods for the Fall and Winter trade. An examination is respectfully solicited. A full line of Rubber Boots and Overshoes of the best brands constantly on hand. Mail orders carefully filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Goods sold at wholesale exclusively.

WICHITA STEAM DYEING CO.,  
Do a general Dyeing business in all branches. Our many years experience and facilities for Dyeing Merchant Work, are unsurpassed by any establishment in the country. Our references are the best.  
Office 132 N. Market St. Factory 334 W. Douglas Ave. - - - Wichita, Kan.  
Write us for prices and information.

Wallenstein & Cohn  
Importers and Jobbers of  
MILLINERY  
AND FANCY GOODS.  
103, 105, 107, 109, East Douglas Ave.

F. P. MARTIN,  
Wholesale and Retail  
Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames  
Kendall's, Picture Glass, Easels, Screens, Etc.  
First quality French China for decorating.  
Everything in the line of Artists' Materials at our lowest or Chicago prices. The only exclusive Art store in the state. Mail orders promptly attended to.  
Catalogue free. Telephone 224  
114 NORTH MARKET ST.

ALL mud and no dust or gravel makes lousy and unhealthy chickens.

Feed the chickens early. It is the bird's nature to rise and eat early.

Don't overtax the hen by making her hatch two clutches in succession.

Chopped clover hay is one of the new feeds in market for poultry.

Hens like milk, either sweet or sour, and it contains material for egg production.

Kerosene oil rightly applied to the henhouse will send the mites to their long home.

A diet wholly of fat-producing foods is the worst a growing bird or animal can have.

OVERFATTENING is one of the reasons that are given for hens laying soft-shelled eggs.

If size and hardness is desired in the flock, breed from only the best and most thrifty.

A good layer and breeder may be kept with profit for four years; but the ordinary are best sold early.—American Farmer.

AN EDUCATED BASS.  
He Obeys the Summons of His Master with Alacrity.

A remarkable fish story comes from Yonkers. It is to the effect that in a pool enclosed in one of the greenhouses belonging to the Greystone estate of the late Samuel J. Tilden there is living an educated black bass. The fish has lived in this pond ever since it was caught on the hook by the Greystone head-gardener two years ago. In this time the bass has learned to obey the summons of its master, who has but to whistle to bring it from its hiding-place into full view. At another sign, a snap of the fingers, it will turn about and swim back to its resting-place. The New York Tribune is responsible for the statement that if a worm or cricket is held above the surface of the water, even to the height of a foot, the agile bass will leap for it and greedily gulp it down.

The owner, Mr. Forson, says the fish seems fond of him, and willing to sport with him as long as he stays by the pool. It has several tricks that it performs at the will of the gardener. The only companion the bass has in the pool is a sunfish. Several German carp were there when the savage black fellow was introduced into their society two years ago, but the introduction was advantageous only to the latter. The carp were soon eaten up. The bass was

fish either defended itself with vigor against the bass, or entered into a truce, for the two live together in harmony now.

Of course, in reading about this wonderful creature you must remember that after all it is only a fish-story, but it is all quite credible. If you were asked to believe that the bass wiggled his tail so as to splash water on the flowers every morning, or flopped about on the lawn pulling up weeds with its teeth, you might think the story slightly overdrawn.

Strange Kibbit of Diving.

An Australian pearl diver, in recounting his experiences, says that one of the strange effects of diving is the invariable bad temper felt while working at the bottom of the sea; and, as this usually passes away as soon as the surface is reached, it may be supposed to be due to the pressure of air inside the dress, affecting the lungs and through them the brain. A diver often becomes so angry at some imaginary wrongdoing on the part of those in the boat above that he gives the signal to be pulled up, "with the intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew," only to forget what he came up for when the surface is reached.

A Failure of Courage.

Fangle-I heard somewhere that it's healthy to go barefoot, so I tried it the other day, but I couldn't stand it very long.

Snailley-You might have known it would be a bootless attempt.—Household Monthly.

Economical.

In truth she's quite particular And several, but still She'd rather break a poor man's heart Than break a dollar bill.

A Conditional Order.

Sweet Girl-Have you any parlor shades that won't break loose and fly up all of a sudden when you least expect